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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# Nice Wanton

*Date of this the Earliest Known Edition*, 1560
[*B.M. Press-mark C.* 12, *e.* 20]

*Date of another Edition, printed by John Allde (also reproduced in facsimile in this series)*, *c.* 1565
[*B.M. Press-mark C.* 34, *i.* 24]

*Reproduced in Facsimile*, 1909

Nice Wanton * King edition

# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# Nice Wanton

1560

*Issued for Subscribers by*

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

# Nice Wanton

*Another edition of this interlude printed* (*according to the B.M. General Catalogue*) c. 1565 *has already been issued in facsimile in this series, the original having turned up amongst three hitherto "lost plays," four "unknown editions," and other rarities in the notable "Irish find" of* 1906.

*There is ample proof that the British Museum authorities did well to secure all "the lost" and all "the unknown." The edition of "Nice Wanton" then recovered is, for example, of supreme importance in restoring* lacunæ, *correcting errors* (*not always obvious*) *of the press, and most important of all, in providing better and intelligible readings of many rough-cast, doubtful, obscure and* (*sometimes*) *unmeaning passages in the edition as printed by John King and now presented in facsimile.* King's craftmanship is no doubt slovenly—*

* *I instance a few examples as specimens of many :—*

(1) A. iii. verso, *line* 10, Gupliade, my chyldren naught, ye lye, *in Allde's edition this is correctly given as* Gup Lady, *&c. &c. Previous editors were puzzled: Hazlitt correctly gave King's reading, but printed* "Gup liar," *&c.; Prof. Manly's copyist wrote* "Eupliade" (*the Gothic* G *is broken*), *which he "edited" as* "Eulalia," *&c. &c.*

(2) A. iiii. recto, *lines* 16, 17, Well, it is no matter Though ye do, *&c. Allde corrects this to* Well . . . Though you doo not, *&c., an important and intelligible variation.*

(3) A. ib. verso, *last line but one,* Here sirs, come on seuen, *in Allde corrected to* Heer six come on seuen; *which, as dicing is in progress, is obviously the true reading.*

*And so forth throughout the play in numerous cases.*

*also, to wit, is "Impatient Poverty" printed by him, as was this play, in* 1560—*but so careless is his work and so curious are the variations between King's text and that of John Allde on the one hand, and so marked, on the other hand, is the general "polish" of the Allde version, that one is tempted to suspect an earlier edition than both, at present unknown, as the common source of the two texts now extant. The topical allusions also merit comparison in this connection. Professor Manly in his "Pre-Shakesperean Drama"* (*I.* 479, *lines* 545–552 *and note*) *points out that "from the rhymes* [i.e. *of the prayer at the end,* C. ii. recto, *lines* 16–23] . . . *this play was originally composed for production before a King," whereas the earliest known edition is dated* 2 *Elizabeth. This contention is curiously confirmed by the reading in Allde's edition* (q.v.). *Professor Manly says "written before the death of Edward VI.," but internal evidence*—inter alia *the oath "by the masse"* (passim)—*seems to indicate a still earlier date.*

*So far the questions of editions and dates: that of authorship remains. "Nice Wanton" has sometimes been attributed to Thomas Ingelend, the author of "The Disobedient Child," but nothing definite is known. Of Ingelend himself there is also little to say beyond the fact that when he wrote that play he was "late Student in Cambridge."*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports the production as generally excellent. If the "Allde" facsimile (sent out to subscribers early in*

*March* 1907) *be compared with the present issue it will be observed that the latter is, though worse printed in the original, sharper and clearer. This is due to the more suitable paper now used for these facsimiles, though here and there a slight unevenness of "impression" may be detected: see Note in Introduction of "Like Will to Like."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

# ¶ A Pretty Interlude called, Nice wanton.

(:*:*:)

¶ Wherein ye may see,
Three branches of an yll tree,
The mother and her chyldren three,
Two naughty, and one godlye.

Early sharpe, that wyll be thorne,
Soone yll, that wyll be naughty:
To be naughty, better vnborne,
Better vnkid, then naughtely taught.

Vt magnum magnos, pueros puerilia decorat.

Personages.

The Messenger.

| | |
|---|---|
| Barnabas. | Iniquitie daily errand. |
| Ismael. | Fantipe. |
| Dalila. | Worldly shame. |
| Eulalia. | Daniel the iudge. |

---

¶ Anno Domini.
M.D.LX.
(:*:)

## ¶ The Prologue.

THe prudent Prince Salomon, doth say,
He that spareth the rod, the chyld doth hate
He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alwaye
By correction in tyme at reasonable rate,
To be taught to fear god, and theyr parents obey
To get learning and qualities, thereby to maintain
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway,
To gods law and the kynges, for it is certayne.
If chyldren be noseled in vyces and yll,
And brought vp therin, it is hard to restrayne,
And draw them from naturall wont euyll,
As here in thys Interlude, ye shall se playne.
By two chyldren brought vp wantonly in play,
whom ỳ mother dothe excuse, whē she should chastise
They delyte in dalyaunce and mischief alway,
At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse.
The mother perswaded by worldly shame;
That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,
So pensife, so sorowfull, for theyr death, she became,
That in despaire she would slea her self with a knife
Then her sonne Barnabas, (by interpretacyon,
The sonne of comfort,) her all purpose do stay,
By the scriptures he geueth her godly consolation
And so concludeth, all these partes wyll we playe.

Barnabas commeth.

My maylter in my lesson yesterday,
Dyd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus,
man is prone, to euil, frō hys youth, did he say
Wherch sentence may wel be verified in vs.
My sisse, my brother, and sister Dalila,
Whom our parentes to their cost to scoole do synde
I tary for them here, time passeth away;
I loose my learnyng, they euer loyter behynde.
If I go before, they do me threate,
To complayne to my mother, she for their sake,
Being her tender tidlynges, wyll me beate:
Lorde, in thys perplexit ye, what way shall I take?
What wyl become of them: grace god them sende,
To apply their learnyng, and their maners amend.
Here we comen, and here we louen,
And here we will abide abyde ay.
Fye brother fye, & specyally you sister Dalila,
Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway
What ye dolt ye be euer in one longe,
Yea sir it shall cost you blowes ere it be longe;
Be ye not ashamed the treauandes to play?
Losing your time & learning, & that euery day
Lernyng bringeth knowledge of god, & honest liuing
Yea mary, I warrant you, master hodypeke, (to get
Learne a pace syster, and after to spyn and sowe,
And other honest hustwifely poyntes to knowe.
Spyn quod ha, yea by ý masse, & vb youre heles vp
For a good mouse hunt, is cat after kyng (wynd
Lewd speking corrupteth good maners s. Paule
Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day (doeth sai
I shal be shent for taryng so longe.

Barnabas.

Ismael

Dalila commeth syng.

Barnabas.

Dalila

Ismael

Barnabas.

Ismael

Barnabas.

Barnabas goeth out

mael Go get the hence, thy mouth foll of horse donge.
Now prety syster, what sport shall we deuyse?
Thus paltyng to scole, I thynke vs vnwyse
In sommer dye for thyst, in wynter for colde,
And styl to liue in feare of a churle, who would?
Not I by the masse, I had rather be hanged were
alila. Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare
I am sonne burned in sommer, in winter the colde,
Maketh my limmes grosse, and my beauty decay,
If I should vse it, as they would I should,
I should neuer be fayre woman I dare say.
mael No syster no, but I can tell,
Where we shal haue good chiere,
Lusty companyons two or three,
At good wyne, ale and biere.
alila. Oh good brother let vs go,
I wyll neuer go more to to stoole,
Shall I neuer knowe,
What paltyne meaneth?
yes, I wyll not be suche a foole.
mael Haue with the Dalila,
Fare well our scoole,
hey rolle aye their kes. Away with boke and all,
I wyll set my heart,
On a mery pynne,
What euer shall be fall.
lalia. Lorde what folly is in youth?
Howe vnhappy be chyldren now a dayes?
And the more pitye, to say the truth.
Their parentes mainteyn them in euyll wayes:
Which is a great cause that the world decayes,
For chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play,
Vnthrifty

vnthrifty and desobedient, continue alway.
A neyghbour of myne hath chyldren here by,
ydle, desobedyent, proude, wanton and nyce.
As they come by, they do shrewed turnes daily,
Their parentes so to suffer them surely, be not wise
They laugh me to scorne, whē I tel thē mine aduise,
I wil speake vnto their elders & warne thē neighborly
Neuer in better tyme, their mother is here by;
God saue you gossyp, I am very fayne,
That you chaunce now to come thys way,
I longe to talke with you a word or twayne,
I pray you take it frendly that I shall say:
Ismael your sonne, and your daughter Dalila.
Do me shrewde turnes, dayly more and more,
Chide and beat my chyldren, it greueth me sore.
They sweare, curse & scold, as they go by ẏ way,
Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,
To gods displeasure, and they hurt an other day,
Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame:
Tushe tushe, if ye haue no more then that to saye, Fātipp
ye maye holde your tonge and get ye a waye,
Alas poore soules, they sit a scoole all day,
In feare of a churle, & yt a lytle they play,
He beateth them lyke a deuyl: when they come home
your mestresship would haue me lay on,
If I should beate them so oft as men complayne,
By ẏ masse vnto this month, I shuld make thē lame
Be not offended I pray you, I must say more, eulalia.
your sonne is suspect, lyght syngered to be,
your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure,
Se to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see.
He that spareth the rod, hateth the chyld truely,
A.iii. yet

yet Salomon lowe correction both meane,
Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame:

ātippe God thanke you mestres, I am well at ease
Such a foole to teache me, preachyng as the please,
Name ye belye them deadly I know playne,
Because they go handsomly ye disdayne,

ulalia. Then on the other as well would I complayne,
But your other somme is good, and no thanks to you
These wyl ye make naught by swete Jesu.

ātippe Cupliade, my chyldren naught ye lye,
By your malyce they shal not set a flye,
I haue but one mōme, in comparison of hys brother
Him the foole prayseth, and despiseth the other.

ulalia. Well Fantippe, better in time, then to late,
Seing ye take it so, here my leaue I take.

ātippe Marry good leaue haue ye, the gret god be w̄ you
My chyldren or I be curst I thinke,
They be complayned on where euer they go,
That for their pleasure they might drynke.
Nay by thys the poor soules be come frō ferle werry,
I will go get them meate to make them merry,

niqui. Lo, lo, here I bringer (Iniquitie, Ismael,
Ismael What is the no we ye haue her: (and Dalila, come in
Dalila. A lusty mynyon louer. (together.
niqui. For no golde wyll I gyue her
ll together welcome my honey ay.
niqui. Oh my heart. Here he speaketh,
Thys wenche can synge,
And play her parte,

Dalila. I am yours (and you mine) with all my harte,
niqui. By the masse it is well songe,
were ye not sory ye were a mayd so longe:

Fye maister iniquitie fye, I am a mayd yet, Dalila
No sister no, your maidenhead is sicke: Ismae
That knaue your brother wyl be a blabbe styl, Iniqui
I wisse Dalila ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil.
By him quod ha, he hath whores two or three, Dalila
But ich a tell your minion doll, by gogs body:
It skylleth not she doth holde you as muche
ye lye falsly, she wyll play me no suche touche, Ismae
Not she: yes to do your heart good Dalila
I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.
Peace whore, or ye beare me a bore an theare, Ismae
Here is mine eare knaue, stryke and thou dare, Dalila
To suffer him thus ye be no man,
If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one,
To set so litle by me, ye were not wont,
Well, it is no matter,
Though ye do ceteri nolunt,
Peace Dalila, speake ye laten poore foole, Iniqui
No no, but a prouerbe I learned at scoole. Dalila
yea sylter, you went to scole til ye were past grace Ismae
yea, so dydst thou by thy knaues face. Dalila
Well, no more a do, let all thys go, Iniqui
We kinsfolke must be frendes, it must be so.
Come on come on come on, He casteth dice on the boyd.
Here they be, that wyll do vs al good,
If ye vse it long, your hear wil grow throught your Ismae
Come on knaue with christes curse, Iniqui
I must haue some of the mony,
Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse,
Ye, by the masse if he can get his purse, Dalila
Ho mate, then he maketh it by halfe the worse.
I dere you both whore and knaue, Ismae

niqui. What ye pryncockes, begin ye to raue?
Come on.
Dalila. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,
I wyll play a crowne or two here by your sleue
Ismael. Then be ye seruaunt to a worshypfull mon.
Mayster Iniquitie, a right name by saint John.
Dalila. What can ye say by mayster Inquitie?
I loue hym and his name most hertely,
Iniqui. God a mercy Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the,
He kisseth her. I wil shyue you both by and by,
Ismael Come on, but fyrst let vs haue a longe,
Dalila. I am content, so that it be not longe.

Iniquitie and Dalila singe.

Iniqui. Golde locks,
She must haue knocks,
Or els I do her wronge,
Dalila. When ye haue your wyl,
ye were best lye styll,
The winter nightes be longe
Iniqui. When I me may,
An other assay,
I wyl take it for no wronge:
Dalila. Then by the roode,
I bone in your hoode,
I shall put ere it be longe.
Ismael She macheth you sira.
Iniqui. By gogs bloud she is the best whore in England.
Dalila. It is knauishly prayed, gyue me your hand.
Iniqui. I woud thou haddes suche in other,
Ismael By the masse rather then xl. pound brother.
Iniqui. Here sirs, come on seuen. They sey hym.
A leauen at all.

Do ye nycke vs be knaue your noly, Ismaelite
Ten myne Iniquity
Syre myne, Ismaelite
Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne, casteth
It is lost by his woundes, and ten to one,
Take the dice Dalila, cast on. Iniquity
Come on kyne, (she casteth, & they set. Dalila
Thryue at fayrest.
Gup whore, and I at rest, Ismaelite
By gogs bloud, I wene god & the deuyl be agenst me he loseth
If thone forsake the, thother wyll take the, Iniquity
Then is he a good felow, I would not passe, Ismaelite
So that I myght beare a rule in hell by the masse,
to tosse fierbrandes at these penyfathers pates,
I would be porter and receiue them at the gates,
In boyling lead & brimston, I wold sethe thē ech one
The knaues haue al ȳ mony, good felows haue none
Play brother, haue ye lost all your money now? Dalila
yea, I thanke that knaue and suche a whore as ȳ, Ismaelite
Tis no marter, I wyll haue money or I wil swete,
By gogs bloud I wyll robbe the next I mete.
yea, and it be my father. (he goeth out.
Thou boy, by the masse ye wyl clyme the ladder. Iniquity
Ah sira, I loue a wenche that can be wylye.
She perceyued my mind, with a twinke of myne eie,
If we two play boody on any man,
We wyll make him as bare as Job anone,
Wel Dalila, let se what ye haue won,
Sir, I had. x. shillinges when I begon, Dalila
And here is all, euery fartyng, They tell
ye lye lyke a whoore, ye haue won a pound, Iniquity
Then the deuyl stryke me to the grounde, Dalila

Iniqui. I will kele your pocket, by your leaue mistres,
Dalila. A way knaue, not mine by the masse,
Iniqui. yes bi god, & geue you this to boot, he geueth her a box
Dalila. Out horeson knaue, I beshrew thy hert root
wilt thou rob me & breat me to?
Iniqui. In the way of correction but a blowe or two,
Dalila. Correct thy dogges thou shalt not beate me,
I wyl make your knaues flesshe cut I warrant the,
ye thynke I haue no frendes, yes I haue in store,
A good felow or two percaunce more.
Dalila goeth out.
yea, by the masse they shall bore you for this geare,
Iniqui. A knaue I found the, a knaue I leaue the here.
Gup whore, do ye heare this iade?
Louing when is pleased,
when she is angry thus shrewd,
Thief brother, syster whore,
Two graffes of an yll tree,
I wyl tary no longer here,
Fare well, god be with ye. he goeth out
Dalila. Alas wretched wretche that I am,
Dalila commeth in ragged, her face hid, or disfigured, hangyng on a staffe.
Most miserable caitife that euer was borne,
Full of payne and sorow, croked and lome.
Stukt with diseases in this world forlorne.
My seno wes be shronken, my flesh eaten w pocks
My bones full of ache, & great payne,
My head is bald, that bare yelowe lockes,
Croked I crepe to the earth agayne,
Mine eie sigth is dimme, my hands tremble & shake
My stomake abhorreth all kynd of meate:
For lacke of clothes, great cold I take,
When appetide seruetb, I canger no meate.
Where I was fayre and amiable of face,

Now

Now am I foule and horrible to se,
Al this I haue I deserued for lacke of grace,
Justly for my sinnes god doth plague me.
My parentes did tidle me, they were to blame,
In steade of correction, in yll did me maintain:
I fell no naught, and shall dye with shame
yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and payne.
The worme of my conscience ý shall neuer dye,
Accuseth me daylý more and more:
So oft haue I sinned willully,
That I feare to be damned for euermore,
What wofull wight art thou? tell me, Barnabas.
That here most greuously doest lament,
Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the,
By the word of god omnipotent:
Although your tyme ye haue mispent,
Repent and amend while ye haue space,
And god wyll restore you to heath and grace.
To tell you who I am I dare not for shame, Dalila.
But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this cafe,
Full oft for my wantonnes you dyd me blame,
yet to take your councel I had not the grace,
To be restored to health, alas it is past,
Disease hath brought me into suche decay,
Helpe me with your almose, while my lyfe doth lafte
That like a wretche as I am, I may go my way.
Shewe me your name sister I you pray, Barnabas.
And I wil helpe you now at your nede,
Both body and soule wyl I fede.
your haue named me already, if I dust be so bold Dalila.
you sister Dalila, that wreche I am,
My wanton nice toyes ye knew of olde,

Alas brother they haue brought me to thys shame,
whē you went to scole, my brother & I wold play
Sweare, chide, & scodle weth man and woman,
To do shrewde turnes, our delyte was alwaye,
yet were we tidled, and you beaten now & than,
Thus our parentes let vs do what we woulde,
And you by correction they kepthe vnder awe:
When we grewe bigge, we were sturdye and bolde
By father and mother we set not a straw,
Small matter for me, I am past,
But your brother and mine is in gread ieoperdy:
In daunger to come to shame at the last,
Ye frameth hys liuyng so wyckedly.
arna- well liker, I euer feared ye would be nought,
s. your lewde behauiours sore greue my hart:
to trayn you to goodnes, al meanes haue I sought,
But in vaine, yet wyl I play a brotherly part.
For ỳ the soul is more precyous, most derely bought
with the bloud of Christe, dying therfore:
To saue it first, a meane must be sought,
At gods hand by Christe, mannes onely sauior.
Consider Dalila, goddes fatherly godnes,
which for your good, hath brought you in thys case.
Scourged you with hys rod of pure loue doubtles.
that ones knowing your self, ye might cal for grace,
ye seme to repent, but I doubt whater,
For your sinnes, or for the misery ye be in:
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,
For these plagues be but the reward of sinne,
But so repent that ye sinne no more,
And then beleue with stedfast faith:
That god wyll forgeue you for euermore,

For

For Chrystes sake, as the scripture sayth.
As for your bodye, if it be curable,
I wyll cause to be healed, or duryng your life:
I wyl clothe you, and fete you as I am able,
Come sister, go with me, ye haue nede of relief.
As a iudge of the countrey, here am I come,
Sent by the kynges Maiestye, Justyce to do:
Chiefly to procede in iudgement of a felon,
I tary for the verdite of the quest ere I go.
Go baily, know whether they be all a greed or no
If they be so, byd them come a way
And bring their prisoner, I wold hear what they say
I go my Lord, I go, to soone for one,
He is lyke to play a cast, wil breake his necke bone,
I beseche your lordshyp be good to hym,
The man is come of good kynne,
If your Lordshyp would be so good to me,
As for my sake to set hym free,
I could haue .xx. pount in a purse,
yea, and your Lordshyp a right faire horse,
well worth ten pound.
Get the a way thou hell hound,
If ye were well examined and tried,
Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spyed,
Brybes (saith Salomon) blind ꝑ wise mans sight
That he can not se to geue iudgement right,
Should I be a bribar? nay, he shall haue the law
As I swr to god and the kyng obedience and awe.
ye be tyed fayre ynough for runnyng a way
If ye do not after me, ye wyll be hanged I dare say
If thou tell no tales, but holde thy toungue,
I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe,

Though thou be iudged to dye anon,
dge. Come on sirs, I pray you come on,
Be you all agreed in one? one of the speketh
yea my Lord, euery chone, for ye quest.
dge. Where Ismael was intided by .xii. men,
Of felony, burglary, and murdre,
As thinditement declareth, howe, where, and when
ye heard it read to you lately in ordre:
you with the rest, I trust all true men,
Be charged vpō your othes to gyue verdyte directly,
Whether Ismael therof be gilty or not gilty,
iqui. Gilty (my Lord) and most gilty,
dge. Wilt thou hange my Lord, horson noddy?
iqui. The lorde haue mercy vpon the,
dge. Tushe, holde thy tonge and I warrant the
Thou shalt go to the place thou camst fro,
Tyl to morow .ix. of the clocke, there to remain,
To the place of execution then shalt thou go,
There be hanged to death, and after again,
Being dead, for ensample, to be hanged in a chain,
Take hym away, and se it be done,
At your perill that may fall thereupon.
Ismael Though I be iudged to dye, I require respite,
For the kinges aduantage in thinges I can recite,
iqui. A way with him he wyll speake but of spyte,
dge. well, we will heare you say what you can,
But se that ye wrongfully accuse no man,
Ismael I wyll be lye no man, but thys I may say,
Yere standeth ye that brought me to thys wayet
iqui. My Lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue,
The feare of death doth make hym raue,
Ismael His naughtye company and playe at dice,

Dyd

Wyd me first to stealyng entice.
He was w̄ me at roberies, I say it to his face,
yet can I say more in tyme & space,
Thou hast said to much, I beshrew thi horsons face Iniqu
Hange him my Lord, out of the way,
The thief careth not what he doth say
Let me be hangman, I wil teathe him a sleighe,
For feare of talkyng, I wil strangle him streight,
Tary here that lyst, for I wyl go. he would go.
No no my frend, not so, Judg
I thought alwayes ye should not be good,
And now it wil proue, I se by the rood, They te
Take him and lay him in yrons stronge, him in a
We wil talke with you more ere it be longe, ter he sig
teth w̄ th
He that layeth handes on me in this place, Iniqu
I che lay my bra wlyng yron on his face:
By gogs bloud I defye thy worst,
If thou shouldest hange me I were a curst.
I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this,
And quyckely a lost again by gisse:
I haue mo frendes then ye thynke I haue,
I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue:
yea, within this moneth I may say to you,
I wyl be your seruaunt, and your maister to,
ye, crepe into your brest, wyl ye haue it so?
I way with them both, leade them a way, Judge
At his death tell me what he doth say,
For then be lyke he wyll not lye,
I care not for you both, no not a fly: they lead the Iniqui
If no man haue here, more matter to say (out. Judge
I must go hence some other way. he goeth out
Hah ha, though I come in rudely be not agast, worldly
I must worke a feate in al the hast, shame.

I haue caught two byrdes, I wyll set for the dame,
If I catche her in my clutche, I wyl her taine.
Of all thys while know ye not my name?
I am right worshipfull maister worldly shame,
The matter that I come now about,
Is euen thys, I put you out of dought.
There is none Fantippe, a curst shrew,
I thynke al the world doth her knowe,
Suche a iade she is, and so curst a quene,
She would out scold the deuils dame I wene.
Sirs thys fine woman, had babes three,
Twayne the derest darlinges that might be,
Ismael and faire Dalila, these two,
With thy loute Barnabas, I haue nothyng to do.
Alwas good, that these tidlynges do might,
Sweare, lye, steale, scolde or fight:
Cardes, dyce, hysse, clippe and so furth,
All this our Mammy would take in good worth.
Now sir, Dalila my daughter is dead of ỳ pockes
And my son hanged in chaynes, & waueth his lockes
These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame
That she shal be thyne owne maister worldly shame,
Hah ha ha.

Fatippe commeth in

Peace, peace, she comweth hereby,
I spoke no word of her, no not I,
Oh Mestres Fantippe, I can tell you nedes,
The fayre wenche your dere daughter Dalila,
Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes,
And thy sonne Ismael, that preaty boy
Whom I dare say you loued very well,
Is hanged in chaynes, euer man can tell.
Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore

And

And thy sonne a strong thief, & a murderer to
It must nedes greue you wonderous sore,
That they died so shamefully both two:
Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now
The cause of their death, was euen verye you,
I the cause of their death? She wold sowne — Fatippe
Will ye sowne, the deuyl stop thy breath? — worldly
Thou shalt die (I trow) with more shame — shame.
I wyl get me hence out of the way,
If the whore should dye, men would me blame,
That I killed her, knaues should say. — Exit.
Alas alas, and weale away, — Fatippe
I may curse the time that I was borne,
Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say,
Alas two of my chyldren be forlorne.
My fayre daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes,
My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes,
Alas the wynd waueth his yelow lockes,
It fleaeth my heart, and breaketh my braynes.
Why should god punish & plague me so sore?
To se my children dye so shamefully,
I wil neuer eate bread in this world more
W this knife wyl I sley my self by & by. — She wold stick her self a with a knife.
Beware what ye do, fye mother fye,
Wyl ye spyl your selfe for your own offence — Barnabas.
And seme for euer to exclude gods mercy,
God doth punysh you for your negligence:
Wherfore take his correction with pacience,
And thanke him hertely, that of his godnes
He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespas.
For when my brother & sister were of ponge age,
You saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,

Would apply no learnyng, but liue in outrage,
And mencomplagned on them euery day,
Ye winked at theyr faultes, and tidled them alway.
By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll,
So at last gods Justice did them both spill.
Inthat god preseruered me, small thanke to you
If god had not geuen me speciall grace,
To auoyd euil, and do good, this is true,
I had liued and dyed in as wretched case:
As theydid, for I had both suffraunce and space,
But it is an olde prouerbe, you haue herd it I think
That god wyl haue se, shall not wynke.
Yet in this we may al take comfort,
They tohe great repentaunce I heard say,
And as for my sister, I am able to report,
She lamented for her sinnes, to her dyng day:
To repent and beleue I exorthed her alway,
Before her death she beleued that god of his mercy
For Christes sake, would saue her eternally.
If you do euen so, ye nede not despaire,
For god will frely remitte your sinnes all,
Christe hath payed the raunsom, why shuld ye fear.
To beleue this and do well, to god for grace call.
All worldly cares let passe and fall,
And thus comfort my father, I pray you hertely,
Fatippe I haue a lytle to say, I wyl come by and by.
Goeth oute, Right gentle audience, by thys Interlude ye mayse
How daungerous it is, for the frailtye of youth,
Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye,
Suche chaunces as these, oft happen of truth
Many miscary, it is the more ruth,
By negligence of their elders, & not taking payne.

In

In tyme good learnyng & qualities to attayne.
Therfore exhortyng al parentes to be diligent,
In bringing vp their children, yea to be circumspect
Least they fall to euill, be not negligent,
But chastice them before they be sore infect:
Accept their well doing in yll them reiect,
A yonge plant ye may platte & bowe as yt wyll,
Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll
Euen so by chyldren, in their tender age,
Ye may worke them like waxe, to your own entent
But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage,
They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent:
O ye chyldren, let your tyme be well spent,
Applye your learnyng and your elders obey,
It wil be your profit an other day.
Now, for the Quenes Royal maiestie let vs pray, The knele downe
(That god (in whose handes is ye hert of al Quenes,)
Maye endure her highnes w godly puissance alwaye
that her grace may long raign & prosper in al things
In gods word & iustice may giue light to al Quenes
Let vs pray for the honorable councel & nobilitie,
That they may alwayes coūsel in wisdō w trāquility, He make curtesy a goeth ou
God saue the Quene, the Realme and comiualtie.

Finis.

A longe.

It is good to be mery,
But who cam me mery?
He that hath a pure conscience,
He may well be mery.

Who hath a pure conscience tel me?
No man of him self, I ensure the,
Then must it folow of necessitie,
That no man can be mery.

Pirritie it selfe may purenes geue,
you must aske it of God in true beleue,
Then wyl he geue it, and none repreue,
And so we may be mery.

What is the practice of a conscience pure?
To loue and feare God, and other allure,
And for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour,
Then may he well be mery.

What shall he haue, that can and wil do this
After this life, euerlasting blisse,
yet not by desert, but by gyft y wille,
There god make vs all mery.

Finis.

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